**Frankenstein Makes A Sandwich**

**When Frankenstein prepared to dine on ham-and-cheese on wheat,**

**He found, instead, he had no bread (or mustard, cheese, or meat).**

**What could he do?**

**He thought it through until his brain was sore,**

**And thought he ought to see what he could borrow from next door.**

**His neighbors gawked as Frankie walked the paths up to their porches.**

**Each time he tried, the folks inside would chase him off with torches.**

**“A MONSTER! EEK!” the people shrieked.**

**“Oh, make him go away!”**

**The angry hordes unsheathed their swords, pulled pitchforks out of hay.**

**They threw tomatoes, pigs, potatoes, loaves of moldy bread.**

**And then a thought struck Frankenstein**

**As pickles struck his head.**

**It’s true, at first he thought the worst:**

**His neighbors were so rude!**

**But then he found that on the ground they’d made a mound of food.**

**He piled it high and waved good-bye and shouted,**

**“THANKS A BUNCH!”**

**Then stacked it on a plate and ate a big, disgusting lunch.**